eign literature.

RUSSIAN FICTION.

ITS GENESIS AND SIGNIFICANCE.

THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By E. M. de Vogue.
Translated by JANE LORING EDMANDS. 12mo, up
260. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.
M. de Vogue's critical estimate of the Russian novelists has been recognized since its first appearance as perhaps the most judicious and well- energy, which causes the feeble plant, sown by grounded examination of the subject extant. His chance in the interstices of some city pavement, opportunities for acquiring information regarding to lift ponderous blocks of stone out of their place the personalities of the Russian writers were par- and even to rend them, and which converts the ticularly good marriage, with a Russian lady of rank having brought him into intimate relations levers which split the rocks into whose erevices with the educated classes in the country of his they push their way. Outlet such forces must adoption. A residence of several years in Russia and will find, and when the absolutist system and an unusual mastery of the language and literature further qualified him for the task of criticism and exposition. It must, however, be premised that the American reader of the present translation will not have the whole of M. de Vogue's work before him. The translator in a prefatory note says: "I have found it necessary to abridge M. de Vogue's work somewhat, in order to bring it within car's n prescribed limits." This statement virility, and the introduction to his separate appears to throw the responsibility for the abridgment upon the publishers. Why they should have prescribed limits which could not be adhered to without mutilating the book it is difficult to understand, and the arrangement seems hardly

The body of M. de Vogue's work is taken up with a careful examination of four Russian writers: Gogol, Turgenief, Dostoyevski and Tolstoi. He introduces these studies by two chapters upon the evolution of Russian literature, and these chapters constitute a clarifying and valuable prelude, outlining as they do the growth of intellectualism under conditions very difficult of comprehen- of the censorship. The novel to-day in Russia is sion by the purely Occidental mind. M. de Vogue insists, and justly, upon the necessity of always taking into consideration the Oriental side of the | burst of which may startle the world when the Russian character in estimating the significance of it productions. The Russian does not think in command is given-" Enceladon, arise!" European grooves, so to speak. There are within him two strong influences working against one another. The first urges him to revert to Asiatic lines of action. The second impels him to follow Peter the Great in opening a window toward Europe. These conflicting influences, moreover, affect the Russian character as a whole. They are accountable for the strange alternations of Slavophilism and the passion for Western culture whose manifestations leave the world in doubt whether the Moscovite Empire is to become the danger, perhaps the scourge, of Europe, or will fall into line topographical conditions to be overlooked in ana. most strongly to the general sympathy, province with modern civilization. Nor are climatic and lyzing this strange people. Their short summers and long winters, the peculiar sychological effects of their vast plains and immense forests are important factors in the national character. The mixture of gloom, poetic imagination and fatalism which characterizes them proceeds thence largely, but not wholly. The political conditions also ac count for much. The habit of subjection has become hereditary. The sense of last liberties breathes from every Russian folk-song and may be read between the lines of every Russian remance. That subtle atmosphere of incompleteness; of national disappointment because of the frustration of common aspirations is, indeed, not peculiar to the North. It may be perceived wherever men . are enslaved. It has left its traces on many a page of history. It is as apparent in the plaints of the Hebrew exiles and prisoners by the waters of the modern Italians, writhing under the iron piece of evolution. The change in her character, of the modern Italians, writhing under the iron heel of Austria. Its note is heard in the pathetic being many at first some unaccountable, but as minor key of the negro plantation songs and the stery develops the truth of the analysis is deminor key of the negra plantation sains.

the stery develops the truth of the sains of good or evil in the melanchely pervades the folk-lore and song of valid, is not less vigorously and cor-fully drawn, placed himself somewhat out of sementhy with well. delicate humor thrills while it startles the ob. and his weak, soft, devoted mother is perhetically server by the incongrueous union of grave and faithful to human nature. The story is admirably

and the general result is that strange, intense, s.d. semi-realistic fletion which at present fuscinates Europe. One other factor it is necessary to note. It is the necessity imposed upon the Russian writer of employing the parabolic method. Absolutism ters of "Real People" are reproduced, and the bodies of its victims, it confesses its own iniquity. informed that literature with abnormal energy and purpose. It has transformed the novel into a propaganda. It has taught the Russian people to seek between the lines of their favorite ro mances the political instruction, suggestion, encouragement, which the press is debarred from affording them. This is why Russian fiction possesses an impressiveness so alien to that of any other nation; so far from the character of that of France or England or America; so little concerned with or for literary art.

M. de Vogne, three, namely Gogol, Turgenief and Tolstoi, have written largely if not altogether under the stimulus of patriotic purpose. Tolstoi it is true, has of late passed into a curious mystical mood, in which his literary genius is obscured and nullified by the working of a crude though intense religious impulse. But his principal works were published before this creatic mood came upon him, and he will be judged by them. Dostovevski is an author to be considered separately, however. His tendencies are so morbid that it is a serious question whether he was quite same. The author of "Crime and Punishment" possessed, beyond question, the pessimistic temperament in its most strongly accentuated form. For him the heavens were hung with black perpetually. All life seemed to him the life of the prison, the hospital or the swarming tenement-house. Assuredly there was warrant enough for some at least of his gloom and bitterness, for he knew Siberin, he had languished in the fortress dungeons, and the fron had entered into his soul. But he had no feeling for nature, no conception, apparently, that happiness or beauty existed anywhere; and it is this unmitigated sombreness and despair that differentiates him from his contemporaries. For sheer power, for subtle analysis, he has few equals and no superiors. But he is essentially morbid, and therefore not a fit example of the progress or the character of Russian literature.

It is interesting to observe the nature of the ties which bind the Russian novelists to the people. Tolstoi was a noble, but the majority of the prominent writers have been peasant-born, and even Tolstoi evidently retains a strong admixture of the pensant nature despite his culture. The personal lives of these men have seldom been other tion for a long time. Israel is both type and inthan unhappy, and if the facts cited by M. deVogue dividual. To such as care only for the story he are authoritative the chief causes of their misery | is interesting in and for himself. But he is much have been their own ill-governed and undisci- more than the utterly selfish man, and Gray is It may well have been inevitable in the circumstances, but it should cause reflection to those | who closes his heart forever to the touch of love, European and American critics who have been must be, were so complete a monster possible, trying to convince the world that the Russian the very ideal of diabolism. When such a one literary methods are models to be imitated with does one generous deed his time has come; but advantage. The truth is far otherwise. The he will not do it because he cannot. It must not truth is that the phase of Russian literature now be thought that Mr. Wilcox thrusts didacticism passing before us is emphatically abnormal and in upon his readers. Nothing could be further from its nature impermanent. It is the product of conditions such as exist in no other country. mance, and an excellently conceived and artis-lake the pearl it is the effect of disease in the tically executed romance moreover. It is in thorereature which bears it. Repression, suffering, ough keeping with the mingled realism and idealsorrow, have wrought this strange and strongly marked literature, the charm and fascination of tity with the employer of Gray should be left which are due to the torments that stimulated the unsolved. It would have been defective art to writers. The European or American writer, who clear it up, and the effect of the strange tale is has never felt oppression, who knows no censor- all the stranger for the veil of uncertainty which ship, must draw upon his imagination for every is thus thrown over the close. example of the seamy side of life. The Russian, on the contrary, must depend upon fancy when he wishes to depict happiness and the absence of restraint. In writing of the cruelties of despotism, in describing the life of the prisons, the the trials and struggles of a young musical genius weary journey to Siberia, the hideous existence

A more tremendous difference surely it is impossible to conceiva

The growth of Russian fiction is really in the nature of a strenuous endeavor, in response to an imperious demand, to express national feeling in despite of the most formidable artificial obstructions. The power it exhibits is akin to that slow expansive natural force, the manifestation of vital slender root-fibres of the mountain pine into denies them access to their natural channels they create new ones for themselves, as in this case, No one has dealt more sympathetically or neutely with the Russian novelists than M. de Vogue, nor has any one considered their work and their mission from a broader point of view. His book is an invaluable aid to the comprehension of this phenomenal exhibition of literary and artistic studies is one of the most penetrating pieces of critical analysis in his work. The subject is one of great and increasing interest, but it is impossible to apprehend its significance without preparing the mind for an examination of Russian fair to the large class of readers who are dependent literature by some inquiry into the past and present of the Russian people. To-day, as for upon translations for their acquaintance with forgenerations past, the heavy hand of absolutism stifles all free expression of national sentiment. Notwithstanding systematic repression, however, that sentiment animates the pages of all those writers whose works are now holding the attention and compelling the admiration of Europe and America. Nihilism in action has failed. Nihilism in fiction flourishes more and more rankly in spite the one avenue of escape for that subterraneau fire which burns as yet in obscurity, but the outdestined hour strikes, and the long-looked for

NOVELS OF THE DAY.

REALISM AND ROMANCE.

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F. L. S. By Hon, EMILY LAWLESS, 16ms, pp. 382. (Henry Holt & Co.)
SENORA VILLENA; AND GRAY, AN OLDHAVEN ROMANCE, by the Author of "Real People." 12mc, pp.

THE FIDDLER OF LUGAU. By the Auther of "A Child of the Ecvolution," etc. Hinsteated by RAISTON, 1280, pp. 364. (Themas Whittaker.)

"Major Lawrence" is a charming novel. The here is a type of the men whose characters appeal ence the highest standard of living, even though manly man, modest, unselfish, apt at self-rennicia love for a woman whom he is forced to see unany return of his anection; that the most us for a moment from the sense of impending catas doubt there is a generic likeness between Thackrence, but there is certainly no imitation. The Mordaunt, who groves up unter the first surface of the content to be impressed by the accumulation of the brings, may at first seem unaccountable, but as ing the subject of the most moving dramas in the

pays to freedom the reluctant tribute of fear.

By its repression of discussion, by its persistent endeavors to shackle the minds as well as the humor and refined suggestion of caricature.

The first description and the delightful Spanish American studies are carried on in the old way, and with the old grace and have been though the strange discourse with her dull son, who is the queen, conscioun of her wrongs, have not yet remaind herself to average them; through the strange discourse with her dull son, who is the queen of the opening the control of the opening that the payer. Concha and Glorin and Teresa, the Senora Villena. | Who knows of the outrage put upon her, and naturally as possible. Perhaps the garden comedy | ing interview with Camber, who who pers to be is somewhat nuthinkable, but it is none the less only what she knows already, and yet inspires her amusing, and the soirce is quite a revelation of fateful purpose; in the final turning of Madan to undertaken, before Mr. Wilcox, with any approach to success, the difficult broken Euglish tailted by Spanish women, and nothing can be quainter or funnier than the English of Senora Villena. Good as this first story is, however, it must yield the through all the stages of the drama the possion paim to "Gray, an Oldhaven Remance," which is a really remarkable work. It is a remance after steadily gathers strength and sweep and definite the manner of Hawthorne; that fascinating manner in which realism, supernaturalism, legend, al-legory and fable are so inextricably blended as to kept rising until the last scene is matched only defy analysis. The realism of Mr. Wilcox is, perhaps, generally speaking, more definite and clear cut than that of Hawthorne; or possibly it. The facility of construction in the play are plain. appears so because, through the plan of the story, the imaginative and the more prossic versions are separated completely. But the story is full of power and vivid imagination, and whether the sellor. The conversion of Madan to his mother's author is describing realities or impossibilities wishes is too sadden, too lightly explained, and the fervor and fluency of his style are equally little in keeping with what we are permitted to marked. The story hinges on an ancestral legend know of that vague young prince's temperament. of a discovery of gold in the Carolina mountains, Legrine hears part in a great deal of conversation and the determination of the young soion of an old house to go in search of the traditional treasare. The career of the young man Israel is capable of being, and is, interpreted in a rational, everyday manner, or in a mystical supernatural planations, but will assuredly find the second the more absorbing and exciting. There is, however, surprising skill in the treatment of a most diffion a sober and almost matter-of-fact appearance This Gray, who suddenly appears as the secretary and factorum of a mysterious millionaire, and who has so many points of resemblance with the in a strain of pure poetry which great poets canmountaineer whom Israel murdered, but who resurancester himself, the genius of the hidden treasure, and the foul fiend: is decidedly the most Hawthornelike, weird, horribly fascinating and wholly unconventional character produced in ficplined characters. There is a certain barbarism much more than the demon of a fairy tale. It is in their ways too pronounced to be overlooked.

a parable. The man who undertakes to attain worldly success by sheer force of intellect, and the truth. His novel is what he styles it, a roism of the story that the mystery of Israel's iden-

"The Fiddler of Lugau" is a well written, pleasant and reposeful story, of life in an old Saxon town during the Napoleonic era, and of appointed by the will of his only living relative there, he has but to recall his personal experiences. to an occupation for which he entertains an un-

conquerable dislike. There is much knowledge of German life shown in the tale, and the quiet, conservative ways of the burghers of Lugau are very brightly and vivaciously depicted. The old Wend town-piper, Christian Goda, is quite a new character, and cleverly conceived, while Liesl, the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired sweetheart of Felix, is a charming and natural little Saxon maiden of the best type. As for Nake, the wicked organist, no one is at all likely to regret the dreadful end to which he comes. The Herr Albrecht, who is official carillonneur to the Marienkirche, is another fresh and strongly drawn character, and all these and many others are presented with a firm mastery of the Old World life to which they belonged which shows equal keenness of observation and skill of arrangement in the author. It may possibly be said that there are no strong interests in the story, and that its field and scope are somewhat narrow. But it is not the less an artistic production. There is no corner of nature er society so obscure that a patient and faithful study of it is not sure to possess interest and value, and this book is a well meant and in the main successful effort to represent a phase of existence of a kind no longer to be met with.

A TALE OF TERRORS.

SWINBURNE'S NEW POEM.

LOCKINE. A Tragedy. By ALGURNON CHARLES SWIN-BLENE. 12ms, pp. vil., 138. Worthington Company. The names of Locrine, King of Britain, of Guendolen and of Sabrina are familiar to the readers of "Comus"; but if "Milton's sacred feet have lingered" in the fields of fable haunted by these lifeless lives, if

His line have made august the fabulous air. His hands have touched and left the wild weeds

the use which Swinburne has made of the old legend is entirely unlike that which suited the fancy of his predecessor. The subject as it is conecived in this tragedy would have pleased the taste of the seventeenth century dramatist. We car imagine it attracting Marlowe or Webster, and either of these loud-voiced poets would have made a feast of horrors of it. Yet it is not of the style of any individual dramatist that it reminds us. It suggests rather the relish for unrelieved agony, the simple and brutal joy in tragical situations, and the fondness for display of rude elemental passion, which distinguished the English drama when it was just bursting into vigor and before it telt the ennobling influence of Shakespeare. In Mr. Swinburne's poem the important characters are the king Locrene, his queen Gueudolen, their son Madan, Estrild, a Seytham princess, paramour of Locrine, who keeps her in a secret retreat, and Sabrina, the dangliter of Estrild and Locrine. Guendolen, discovering the king's unfaithfulness, persuades Madan to make war upon him and seize the kingdom; and the play ends with the death of Locrine in battle, and of Estrild by her own hand, while Sabrina casts herself into the River Severu, and Guendolen in her hour of savage triamph, dreps a few tender words over the bodies of her victims. This take of terrors moves on with the claimed. Mr. Swinburne's poem the important characters whiches with the tennerest chief of character is trophe; and even the fair images of Estrid and some of massacre, serve rather to enhance its

rence, but there is certainly no unitary and altogether real complexities of warring motives and contrasting andhomogeneous. The story contains other almost characters, and from the problems of any arrange equally good character drawing. Lady Eleanor ment of incidents which can be called a plot, is and equally good character drawing. The state of meadens which can be called a plot, is Mordaunt, who groves up under the reader's eve. more suitable for those earlier playgoets who were many other peculiar influences, as we have seen, ple" will be pleased to hear from him again, and the general result is that strange, intense, sad, whatever expectations their knowledge of his first.

Swinburne's greater dramas. Yet the splendors of the turbulent flood of rhetoric which pour surpassed by Swinburne himself, and could be paralleled by no other living pact. The secues devoted to Estrild and her secret

sode. Of course it is Queen Eleanor and Fair has given a fresh charm to the old story. Noth ing could be more delicately beautiful than the whole image of the child, Sabrina, wise beyond her years with the wisdom of thoughtful innocence; and her dialogues with Estrild are often not always reach. Here is an admirable passage

Nay, very foolishness it is. To die In March before its life were well on wing Before its time and kindly season—why Should spring be sad—before the swallows fly— Enough to dream of such a wintry thing? Such foolish words were more unneed for spring Than show for summer when his heart is high; And why should words be foolish when they sing?

There is one song in the book. It is placed in the mouth of Estrild, and Sabrina calls for it as " the song that goes round and round" :

Had I wist, quoth spring to the swallow.

That earth could forget me, kissed,
By summer, and lared to follow
Down ways that I know not, I,
My heart should have waxed not high:
Mid March would have seen me die,
Had I wist.

Had I wist, O spring, said the swallow. Thy woods had not heard me sing, Thy winds had not known my wing: and faltered ere thine did, spring, Had I wist.

So far we have seen Swinburne in a style varying little from that which he has made renowned. It is curious to note, however, that in going back to the seventeenth century type of dramatic construction, he has also copied a seventeenth century fashion of the playwrights, who left their personages to keep such individuality as they could, while they were made to bandy epigrams and fence with the folls of wit. There are many pages of such discourse as the following: LOCKINE.

Sharp grief has crazed thy brain. Thow knowes GUENDOLEN. I know that nought I know, Locrine, of thee.

What bids thee then revile me, knowing no cause GUENDOLEN.
Strong sorrow knows but sorrow's lawless laws. Yet these should turn not grief to raging fire.

GUENDOLEN.
They should not, had my heart my heart's desire. Would God that lave, my queen, could give thee

occur to Mr. Swinburne; even in her moments of

GUENDOLEN. Thou dost not call me wife-nor call'st amiss. The incongruity of such intellectual exercises

explosion she can sometimes stop to wrap up her sentences like puzzles; even in her cry for vengeance she can talk like a member of the Browning Society. We do not mean that these excesses of artifice are common enough to obstruct the habitual eloquence and majesty of her speech; but they are enough to make us rub our eyes and

WHITE EDITH White Edith, reading in a Book of Queens, Looked suddenly up across the printed page And asked me—then, not waiting for reply, Let her eyes drop upon the text again—18 it so fine a thing to be a Queen!

"Is it so fine a thing to be a Queen."

I thought me of that lady long ago
I know not in what chronicle I read
The legend of that lady; who was crowned
Queen by mistake, and through an April day
Hold court in her bright palace over sea,
Cave gills and pardons, and reached forth her hand
For kisses, and was worshipped; then, at dawn,
thou a scaffold paid the pilce for it—
The roses from her cheeks; for he who claimed
the crown by right, a grasping sort of king,
Would take no less; so to the block needs go
The clustered ringlets and the tlender throat

A very grievous price it seemed and yet-To rule the world between two sunny day Just to taste life one time at Rie's high be And then, with no foreshalowing of the And then, with no foreshadowing of the do To have the rose struck from one's check, Escape the dargers that are set in crowns As surely as the lewels; never to know theratinde, or treason, or false love, Or any blackness of the human heart; Never to know the pargs that women bear, licing yet a woman to the finger tipe— That were indeed to have a happy reign, That were to be the very Queen of Queens. And so, sweet old world maiden, dead in truth, Or dead in fiction only, sleep your sleep.
Full many a Queen of other late than yours, Gray hared and broken, magh thave envied you, Your Majesty, that reigned a tingle day!

Before the violet or the crocus came. THOMAS HALLEY ALDRICH.

THE MUSICAL MAN. THE KIND OF PERSON FOR THE GUITAR.

New York Letter to The San Francisco Argonizat.

It is the faction just at present for mon to be used at The law absences, who can't play or

be warbies in a cott, throubing voice, "The 12ps of My Pepita."

The man who plays the banjo is an old favorite but the golfar man has rather cut him out. Still, in some unromant's feminine hearts, the hanjo reigns supreme. There is something confugiously joily about banjo men. They are not particular; they are general utility men, who will play anything anywhere. Most of them play by ear, and a week after a new operetta is produced, have all the airs at their finger ends. They can sing "Erminas" from first to last; and there is not a codlege sons, from that exhibitating, swagering, Bohemian "Taylern in the Town" to the sentimental "Over the Bansisters," that they don't know every verse of. At a children's party your banjo man will sing "Hush, Little Baby," or the ever jovial "Scrub, My Mother," to the joy of the children, and after a massive dimerparty will give you the "Obe Kentucky Home," with perfect negro accent and expression, in a way to melb a heart of alone.

Then there are men who play their own accompant ments to comic sones. This is an English fashion, and if not done well is sad. The performer's talents are shown in choice of songs, must comic songs being of a melancholy tendency. At last, and decidedly least, there is the man who whistles. There is an Englishman now in New York who "whistled before performer's talents.

a shown in choice of songs, most comic songs being a metancholy tendency. At fast, and decidedly st, there is the man who whistles. There is an glishman now in New York who "whistled before t Queen." He sits at the plane, plays a light waitz, if whistles the air delightfully with a bird-like and whistles the air designation with a birdinal brilliancy. Elaborate dence-music is the force of this newest type of musical man. The ballet in "Fanst" the famous ballet of the Houris in the "Gloconda," the nun's dance in "Robert le Diables" bits of "fsylvia" and "Coppella" are his pieces de resistance.

SOME LITERARY JOKES.

The following is from Professor Longfollow's private journal, under date of January 5, 1853;
Lowell gave a supporte Thackeray. The other quosts were Folton, Clough, Dana, Dr. Parsons (Dante's translater), Fields, Edmund Quincy, Estes and myself. We sat down at 10 and did not leave the table tilt 1—very gay with stories and jokes.

"Will you take some port!" said Lowell to Thackeray. "I dare drink anything that becomes a man."

"It will be a long time before that becomes a man."

"It will be a long time before that becomes a man."

"As we were going away Thackeray said, "We have stayed too long."

"I should say," replied the host, "one long and two short—a dactylic supper."

HER FIRST SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER. From The Philadelphia News.

A young lady living uptown received a special delivery letter. The messenger handed her the book to sign for it, she took to book and instead of writing her signature she wrote: "Dear John-Glad to hear from you. Come up Sunday night." A CONJURED MULE.

WHITE ROLLING PINES, Fla., Dec. 1-Melausa was very serious at breakfast this morning. It was not until we were renewing what Ronald calls the "anti-ant water" in which the legs of our table constantly repose as a safeguard for the food thereon that my friend revealed the subject of her thoughts. Then she confided to me that she was unable to think of any-thing but Honest Een. It may be remembered that Honest Ben is the name of Melausa's mule. She says he never deceives one in any way, for he never pre-tends that hels going to do anything but walk, and he rever does. That is, he never did until yesterday. She asked me if I had noticed that she was gone longer than usual when she made her daily trip to the post-office. I was obliged to confess that two or three hours, more or less, I did not notice, for it is a matter of half a day for her to go the mile and a with the temper of the raging Guendolen does not half to the village. It requires much less time for either of us to walk than to go with the mule, but as my friend says she bought the mule to ride, and she must ride, or lose all the money she paid for it. Besides, time is of no importance here any way. Honest Ben not only will not trot or canter, but he

> owner says he has never deceived about this, either; there isn't a bit of deceit about him any way. He doesn't stop to rest; his object in thus lingering appears to be to enable him to collect his thoughts and bring them to bear more forcibly upon whatever topic may occupy his mind at the time. Melausa thinks he is a mathematician and is frequently involved in the struggle to solve an abtruse problem. Besides these mathematical propensities, another development occurred yesterday.

frequently stops and stands still for five minutes. His

"I went somewhere besides to the post-office," she said. "It seemed to me I must get out of that path, if only to see a few other pine trees, even though I couldn't have told them from the pine trees I see every day; only it was something to know they were

"As you leave the village, you remember there is big palmetto trees stand. The general direction is lightly toward home, and I thought I could branch off when I chose, and come back here to the settle-ment. It took Honest Ben a great while to get real-

ly into the new way, and we had only gone a few thought at first he had merely paused to work out a problem, and I sat still, of course, for there was nothing else for me to do. I could see the water ending away at my left, curving off in the blinding citter of the sun. I could see some great white southern birds too, flying low toward the river; and suce a gayly painted little steamboat puffed by, car- pointing. The farmer is shown by Messes. Schaus, deal. It looked hot out on the water, but where I was the air was delightful. I was quite happy | etcher of mansual ability and the photographs of paint for a half hour. At the end of that time I wished I | ings made by Brann & Co, are generally acknowledged could go on, for I saw a tong snake dirighing down to be unsurpassed. Ordinarily the eleler has ensual from a tree-limb that hung far over the water. To vantage in his ability to translate and preserve color my extreme joy and amazement. Honest Len began to walk forward the moment I asked him. He went between black and white. But these photographs are perhaps a quarter of a mile, and he seemed to be leave remarkable for the general correctness of their values ing the river, when he stopped again. And when he and this particular example has a richness and variety stopped, a small black boy in a striped shirt came out toward me. I mention the shirt particularly, because it was all the garment be were, therefore the only one that could be mentioned. He did not seem to look at me at all, but fixed his eyes on the mule, and stared with all his power. The mule seemed useasy for the first time in my acquaintance with him. He even raised his hind less a very ittle-was it possible he was about to do something not strictly honest? The black boy turned and ran,

dishes and turned to Bonald, who was listening.

- Now." she said, "Ranald, you have been here water spiers and sained glass, to say nothing of the water spiers and pure and talk drawings of Mesers. Diameters.

Lie cut out by a little five foot annual alf an example of the five foot annual alf an example of the five foot annual alf an example of the five foot annual alf and the five foot annual five for a good while. I can't tell how I Moran, together with a few drawings and monotypes.

Askles from the collection at the American Art Galactic foot and awarded the same and all the five various special exhibitions of five eterming of Mr. Peler Moran, together with a few drawings and monotypes.

Askles from the collection at the American Art Galactic foot and awarded the box had appropriate to the intention of the eterming of Mr. Peler Moran, together with a few drawings and monotypes.

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Askles from the collection of the eterming of Mr. Peler Moran, together with a few drawings and monotypes. start up. His lest seemed to bore into the sand.
The child hept repeating his cry, and soon emerged again, followed by a horist old negro woman who was bent, and gray and toethless, and who lacked not one nitribute for the making of a first class witch. She was even learning on a stick, and beend up at meaning with the waiting of a first class witch. She was even learning on a stick, and beend up at meaning with the waiting of the deciders and there is no immediate prospect of an important sale of punitings. The deciders, however, have become so numerous that their calleries are not readily exhausted. One of the newcomers, a branch of the feet such that the results in the interest and the said that year, the waster color display will not be in readiness for overall most first learning and there is no immediate prospect of an important sale of punitings. The deciders, however, have become so numerous that their calleries are not readily "After she had done this as long as she wanted to it, she stood in front of me and said, away down it, she stood in front of me and said, away down

face was worse to look at than before. I was so des-

octor?' togetred the old woman.
"At this moment the stoamer from Palatha whistled,

and I saw its white shape gliding by on the river. I had a memeriary temptation to throw myself off my steed, abandon it to the woman, rush down to the river's edge and claim protection from the people on that tout. Instead of perpetrating this flight, howlow welly manner what she meant by unless."

onemnine.

"Having said this, she remained silent to allow the remark to sink into my mind.
"I confess I was semewhat be wildered. I think the very sight of that negro woman would have bewildered any one with a spark of imagination, and my male wouldn't believe you can make my mule go home," I said."

"Jis try me.!
"Very well, I will try you. What are your terms !!
"I'd onemnine dat mew! fur one deliar and fifty cents," was the definite answer.
"fur! bad no money with me and told her so. I promised, however, that I would pay her to day if the nule came all right. She told me that the word of a lady like me was exactly as good as money. She also said that she had been giveved that such a lady should have been cheated into buying a conjured mule, and she binted that, by payment of a small sum weekly, I should be able to keep Honest Beu in a state that would remore it impossible for any other conjurer,

should have been cheated into buying a conjured mule, and she blitted that, by payment of a small sum weekly, I should be able to keep Honest Ben in a state that would render it impossible for any other conjurer, no matter how powerful, to have any effect upon biru. I declined to make those weekly payments, so you see I retained a small portion of my senses. After a little palayer of this kind, I busisted upon the immediate removal of the spell. She retired out of sight, to perform the necessary incantations, I suppose."

"Did the boy remain?" inquired Ronald.

"Yes; I think he was belind me somewhere. You need not be cynical. Take the facts. After a short time, the witch came forward and announced that 'be am oneunjured.' I shook the lines. The mule darted forward precisely as if somebody had stuck something sharp into him from the rear. He actually trotted a rod or so. Then we walked the rost of the way, as usual. When I took the saddle from him, I looked, and found a small puncture that had oozed a few drops of blood on one of his flanks. Now, you see I must pay \$1.50 to that rescally witch for having a knife stuck into Honest Ben. I expect her after the money momentarily. I wish, instead of keeping my promise, we might its her to a stake and burn her."

"If you'll leave her to me—" began Ronald.

"No; I gave her my word. And there comes the boy now."

Surely there was the small shirt blowing in the wind, and the sturdy black legs making slow progress toward our cabin; the owner of legs and shirt being so given over to the sucking of an orange that he staggered as he walked.

We have not seen S'ange since the day when her conditions.

SKETCHING VILLAINS IN ROMANCE

From The Boston Post.

A literary friend of mine whom I had found at the club in a confidential mood the other night gave me an account of the queer method which he employs in constructing and describing the viliains and objectionable possons in general who figure in his stories. "I find," he said, "that I get along best we at make use for this purpose of my own enemies and of people whom I dislike. Of course I add and subtract traits of character, change the circumstances, perhaps the age, and sometimes even the sex of the persons represented; but still I retain the ground work, the radical metif, so to say, of their natures. You have no idea, Taverner, he continued, "what a grip you get on a man's character when you hate him. Even a feeling of repulsion or antipathy is sufficient for this object. There are several men, for example, whom I meet about everywhere, and with whom I am on perfectly good terms, but for each of whom I have an abhorrence. Nevertheless, these follows has inaic me, in somewhat the

same way, I suppose, that a snake charms a bird. AN EXPERIENCE WITH A FLORIDA WITCH.

same way, I suppose, that a snake charms a bird, ponder them, analyze them, turn them inside out, even synapathize with them, in imagination, and finally serve them up in my books, that making a living, or part of one, at least, out of acquaintances who very likely detest me as much as I do them."

What chiefly pleased me in this novel climpse of an author's intellectual methods was the fact that it afforded a practical Hustration of a profound truth which Hawthorne states in the "Scarlet Leiter." It fastened fiself in my mind when I liest read that great book, and I have remembered it ever since. The author is speaking of the extinction of energy and the sudden disappearance of all interest in life which came over Rozer Chillingworth, when his enemy, the clergy man, had died, and he says: "It is a curlous sublect of observation and inquiry whether harred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each, in its atmost development, supposes a hish degree of inflower and heart knowledge," etc. My friend's experience, so far as it book, seems to confirm this theory exactly. His method, however, is certainly a dangerous one. the original, or his friends, would detect the biance. "Well," he replied, "I have get into a of that kind once or twice. The snob in the sketch I wrote last winter was thought to be ve hasn't invited me to dinner since.

Taverner, I do enjoy satisfzing my Us you, Taverner, I do enjoy satisfying my Uncle —, in the guise of an old woman who figures in my new book. The old stinflint has money, and so I can't quarrel with him, of course. With this be left me, reflecting that, were I to adopt his system, I should know where to look for my first character.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES. NOTES OF THE EXHIBITIONS-NEW PAINTINGS AND

PRINTS. The falling off in the sale of pointings and the increase

in the sale of prints which are characteristic of the holl day season have been especially noticeable this year. According to the dealers, few paintings of importance have been recently sold, but the demand for etchings has not yet run its course, although photographic repro-ductions of the better class are growing in favor, and it would be difficult to demonstrate their inferiority to many of the large reproductive etchings which abound As you leave the vinage, you remain a way that opens along the river's edge, where two judges, phot graphic processes are to supplant etchings big nelmette trees stand. The general direction is as a means of reproduction. This has already gone so far that in Paris several elever etchers have taken up work upon photogravure or similar plates, and is formally recognized photogravures, despite the comrods beyond the paimettes when he stopped. I plaints of Professor Herkomer, reports a rapid increase in the sale of photographic prints.

> Those who are interested in the subject have an opnor tunity at present to compare Koepping's " important etching after Rembrandt's "Syndies of the Hall of Cloths," and the large Braun photograph of the same

At the exhibition of the Architectural League as attendance of about 100 daily is reported, and the degree of interest thes indicated appears to gratify the promoters of the exhibition. In itself a collection of Melawa payted in the washing of the breakfast full of examples of disposative art, with paintings, black

to picture the Madouna. The face is madera, "prelified" somewhat from the peasant mode, and the panier has used a favorite device of the "masters," deriving the lighting or the picture from the Child. In this case Dagman Bouveret has indicated a violentiflicationation as proceeding from the head of the Child, which is veiled by the mather's rote, and this lund lighting is so intensible that It becomes supplementally suggestive. As a matter of fact the artist, whose exception is should be sail is usually good, shows himself conventional rather than "remistic" in much of his treatment. This is a very different thing from the pronounced realism in savery art of which Unde in Germany is a strong exponent.

Some paintings which are out of the usual run are shown at the gallery of Blakeslee & Co. Takes is a Metring which seems to be an early picture painted after close study of the old Dutch masters of grace. The feeling for tone and harmony of color which character.

spat. p'rape; onless —' here feeling for tone and harmony of color which character I fried to say with hold conicace that I would find a conjure ductor somewhere. some strong notes in a red or two, and in a copper lettle,

> The usual crop of "old masters" is appearing early in the senson. A "Rubens" and a "Titian" were onexhibition in a Broadway window a week or two since. Al another place the curious visitor may see "Tittan's 'Turee Graces," and "Raphnel's Masterpiece." The "Three Graces," and "Raphnel's Masterpiece." The "masterpiece " is not the Dresden Madonns, it appears but a portrait, and scoffers are referred to the "Raphael Urbino "upon an armiet which is conspicuously in evidence. It is supposed that the loss of these "masters has troubled the Car of all the Russias much more than the machinations of Nihilists. The petures, it is reliefly were in the possession of some vague Count. "The Russian Government made offers for their purchase," but the Russian Government made offers for their purchase, but the Russian Government was worsted and the pictures borne away in triamph to America. A collection of "Tales of American Old Masters" would make very interesting reading.

The January "Art Amateur" is accompanied by chrome itthographic reproduction of "A Heiland Coast Scene" by Mr. H. W. Ranger. A department of "Talk with Experts," which promises well, begins with some remarks by Mr. Shurio on Japanese swords, a most remarks by Mr. Shogio on Japanen the invasion of interesting subject. Commenting upon the invasion of New-York by foreign art dealers, the editor mentions a report that Messrs. Agnew & Co., of London are to establish a branch house in this city. He adds very truly that America in interest in English art would not reward the venture.

The address upon the life and work of Asher B. Durand, prepared for the Century Club by its presk dent, Mr. Daniel Huntingdon, has been published for the club in pamphlet form, with an etching by Ma. James D. Smille after Mr. Huntington's portrait of Durand. This address well deserves preservation, for it has permanent value as a contribution to the histors it has permanent value as a contribution to the history of American art. Mr. Huntington affords ginepact of the earlier stages of engraving, the beginnings of the National Academy, and the condition of act education and the patronage of art a half century and more ago. Of Durand he writes, as would be expected, with affectionale regard and loyal admiration of his work in art. It was in 1836, when Mr. Hunding ton was a pupil of S. F. B. Morse, that he first med Durand, who was then finishing the plate of the Ariadne. The long intercourse then begin led to at appreciation of the man and an intimate acquaintance with his art which give Mr. Huntington's tribute of "The Father of American Landscape Art" a distinctive character. The "personal equation" renders the pamphlet interesting, as well as the historical side lights and the expressions of opinion.

Mr. Armstrong continues: "The finest subject & painter can have is a portrait and this again seems to throw doubt upon what I have said. For in to throw doubt upon what I have said. For in a portrait the data are more stubborn than anywhere else. But . the greatest difficulty before the painter is that of concentration—of giving his work a sufficient centre of interest and keeping everything clse in due subordination to it. All that is done for him when he has to paint a portrait and especially a haif length. The most completely havies pletures in existence to my mind are such things a Rembrandt's 'Gilder,' and his own portrait in the National Gallery; as Holbein's sir Thomas Morrett, at Dreaden; as Titlan's 'Laura de Dianti, or Raphael's 'Julius II. In all these vigor and reflecate, comprehension and suppression, are combined into the